

"A long time ago, when the world was young, a leaf descended from the heavens.

When the leaf reached the earth, a grand flash of light emanated from the feather, revealing the birthplace of a Spirit.

The Spirit wandered the bare land devoid of life. No breeze could they feel on their skin, no warmth from the earth beneath them, no water to sustain anything nor satiate their thirst.

The Spirit questioned themselves the reason why they were born there, and for what purpose, with only the Sun and the Moon as their eternal companions.

At day, they reached out to the Astral king for guidance and purpose.
At night, they asked the Nocturnal queen for solace and comfort.

After many days and nights of aimless walking, the celestial bodies, saddened by the Spirit's sorrow, granted them one final wish in the form of a question:

"How do you wish to die?"

The Spirit was uncertain of how to meet their answer, returning to their life of roaming the desolated earth. Until one day, the Spirit found something that captivated them.

Amidst all the loneliness and stillness, they came across a small pond of water, and next to it, grew a radiant white flower.

The spirit admired that flower, and wished to keep it forever. They pulled it out of the earth, holding it with their hands, until all of a sudden, the flower's glow darkened, the petals withered and fell... until nothing but ash tainted the spirit's fingers.

The Spirit had brought death to a living thing.

Devastated, the Spirit returned to those who granted them their last wish to perish. At the moment the Moon met the Sun, the Spirit finally answered their question.

They laid down on the nothingness of the land, staring at a cloudless sky.
They closed their eyes, their last memory belonging... to the flower.

The Sun reminded them of the purpose of life; the Moon, the sorrow of death.

Their last wish was made.

Their heart became the warmth of the earth, pulsating joyfully like when they first met the flower.

The breath that voiced their answer was now the winds that swayed the trees and the grass that were now growing all around them.

Their tears for the loss of the flower, turned into the rivers and lakes, just like the pond it grew next to.”

...

-What was the spirit’s name?- Ioru asked.

-...Nibel- whispered the Spirit of the Tree.